
Title: Futility

Author:

-'o'=-/\-'o'=-
Until the ends of time.
Ost nagramee ramen.
Till night doth come.
Rieme let droh x'hum.
And sweet darkness
takes all.

-'o'=-\-'o'=-
It is a quaint wish that
held the thoughts of
man when coming
knocking to his
destiny a mortal
question.

What, prithee,
dost thou taste when
what ye desire is
furthest from thine
lips?

The bitter and harsh
rending of thine
tongue is the morcel of
futility that ye have
bitten.

Sour as the fallen
fruit never eaten.
Dull as fallen leaves
never seen.
Harshest of
expectations never to
be fulfilled.

Such is the desire to
be fulfilled in the
short dream that is a
mortal man's life.

Wish thee for life
then? Even when t'is
life that will in the
end forsake thee?

Foolish wishes and
dreams.

Come again when ye
are dead.